

WHAT WILL BE THE FINAL CHAPTER IN THE CAREER OF THE PULLMAN TWINS?

The Journal Will Award a Prize of \$100 for the Best Concluding Chapter to This Romance of Real Life by Edgar Saltus.



GEORGE M. PULLMAN, JR.

MISS FELICITA OGLESBY



SANGER PULLMAN

MISS LYNNE FERNALD.

FROM PHOTO. by VARNEY CHICAGO.

IN every good play there are two incentives continuously at work—the coquette and the coin. When the curtain falls the hero has conquered them both. That is drama.

Off the stage the same incentives are as continuously at work, but there it will happen that the hero, instead of conquering, is conquered. That is life.

It is a story of the latter variety which is related here. But, though a true story, it differs from all others in one surprising particular—a clairvoyant alone could write the last chapter. What do you think it will be?

The Journal will award a prize of \$100 for the best idea of the final chapter of this romance of real life.

THE PEOPLE IN IT.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.....A Merchant Prince
GEORGE M. PULLMAN, JR., }
W. SANGER PULLMAN.....Twins
MISS OGLESBY }
MISS FERNALD }Debutantes
MRS. PULLMAN.....A Mother

CHAPTER I.
Dead Men's Shoes.

WHEN the Pullman boys entered college it was rumored on the campus that they would make things spin. To begin with, they came from Chicago, which is a wide open, wide awake place. Then, too, they were tolerably nice looking and very well sent out. In addition, they possessed a manner which indicated the ampler appreciation of the good things of life. Furthermore, the attentions with which an Emperor's nephew had flustered one of their sisters was a matter of national concern. The basis of the rumor was not, however, these details, but a glare of gold. The name they bore was synonymous with the widest wealth. Everybody was sure that one of these days they would come into anywhere from ten to twenty millions apiece. They were sure of it themselves. And no wonder.

When, forty-odd years ago, their father, the late George M. Pullman, with fifty dollars for sole capital, set out to make a fortune, the country offered in that line opportunities which it does not afford to-day. That is a point which he may have forgotten, but which always will be remembered by them. In the effort, as all the world is aware, Mr. Pullman succeeded. From nothing, from a country store at Brocton, in this State, from empty hands and bare feet, he multiplied himself into a multi-millionaire. It was by sheer grit he did it, by the ability to want the thing he wanted more than all others that wanted it too. Given that power, and you can't avoid success. Mr. Pullman did not try. Failure is a word which he had dropped from his vocabulary. There was another which fell by the way—Surrender.

He grew unyielding as the granite in which he is entombed. Meanwhile wealth progressed, not mathematically, but geometrically. He became quasi-royal, not a merchant prince merely, but a territorial magnate, who could have signed himself George the First, jacked Rex after it and throned in the town which he owned. Over numberless miles of railway numberless cars were running. He had invented them. He manufactured them, too. In Chicago, on the corner of Prairie avenue and Eighteenth street, he had a home. On an island in the St. Lawrence he had another. From one end of the land to the other his fame had spread, and with it the glare of his gold. The value of that gold was rated at fifty millions.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that, when the boys entered college, it was rumored that they would make things spin. It is not surprising, either, that everybody was sure that one of these days they would come in for eight-figure sums. Neither is it surprising they were sure of it themselves. It would have been surprising had they not been. Besides, such things are very pleasant to think about. To begin life with fifty dollars and end with fifty millions is great. But to be the heir of those millions is greater. Wealth then comes not with age, when it is a burden, but with youth, when it is a delight.

It was that delight of which the boys thought, often dreamed, yet never talked. And now the plot thickens.

CHAPTER II.
All Aboard for Fairyland.

IN cataloging emotions, a poet noted that to awake on a June morning with the consciousness of being in love constitutes a pleasant sensation. Even in December it ought not to be disagreeable. But when to the consciousness of being in love is added the consciousness that the love is returned, a very bleak forenoon should seem quite bright. Such a forenoon presently visited one of the boys, and a similar entertainment was subsequently enjoyed by the other.

Two years ago announcement was made that Miss Felicity Oglesby, daughter of ex-Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, had become engaged to George Pullman. Last August the engagement of Miss Lynne Fernald, daughter of J. W. Fernald, of Kenwood, to Sanger Pullman was also announced.

It is with just such a climax that any novelist worth his syndicate would wind up a story. And rightly. Happiness is not to be described. Even Dante could not do it. His "Inferno" is poignant, his "Purgatory" is vivid, but his "Paradise" is vague. Yet if happiness cannot be described, at least it may be experienced, and it is difficult to fancy two couples better assured of it than were those four people.

If, in that part of the country, there happened to be a young gentleman fairer than Miss Oglesby, it must have been Miss Fernald. Each was a caress to the eye. As for the boys, they were wholly in love—which is a detail in comparison to the glare of the gold behind them and the splendors which it was assumed that gold would produce. It was all aboard for fairyland, and in a Pullman car at that.

Such, until within a month ago, was the situation, and, were it fiction instead of fact, here any self-respecting novelist would wind the story up. But fate has surprises of which fiction does not know.

Previously, by way of training for the fortune which was to be theirs, the boys had not been sent to Europe in order that they might see how it could be squandered.

They had been put on high stools, where they might learn how it could be increased. For a while both sat in a Chicago bank. Then George entered the car company and Sanger sold lace at Marshall Field's.

Meanwhile their pretty sisters had married. The elder—the one whom the Emperor's nephew had besieged—was the wife of F. O. Lowden, a Chicago lawyer. The younger had become the bride of a Californian, Frank Carolan. Meanwhile, too, existence on the corner of Prairie avenue and Eighteenth street was very pleasant. Mr. Pullman treated his sons with a kindness tempered indeed with reserve, but from Mrs. Pullman there emanated an affection in which there was no reserve whatever. In short, things went very well then. The trip to fairyland was not only planned, but a private car was equipped.

Too much partridge, however, is rumored to be indigestible. It is rumored also that boys will be boys. In just what fashion these young fellows gave a kick or two over the traces is irrelevant, and immaterial besides. The result is not. Their father's attitude altered. From kindness, tempered with reserve, it changed into a reserve that was entirely untempered. Hard with his workmen, he became stern with them. Orders were given. Another kick followed. Mr. Pullman was not a man to be disobeyed. The boys left the house. The trip to fairyland was not on that account even adjourned. The car was always ready. It was but the state of the weather that interfered. The moment the storm blew over—all aboard.

There are storms that linger. Before this one had gone Mr. Pullman had an attack of angina pectoris, in the course of which he left the planet and his millions behind. And not fifty either, or twenty-five—barely ten. Enough, however, to go round, and, even with the Dingley bill, allow that trip to be made. But not a bit of it. Unyielding in life, even in death Mr. Pullman would not surrender. His sons were willed just sufficient to keep the wolf out of the bridal suites—less than \$10 a day, \$3,000 a year apiece. There was a fall, if ever there were one, and from a greater height than had been scaled.

CHAPTER III.

Wanted: A Clairvoyant.

Fairyland is not on the map. Like the Garden of Eden, geographers don't agree as to its site. According to temperament, some put it in the Land of Love, some in the Realm of Wealth, some in both. Others—but these are amateurs—say there is no such place.

It was so real to the Pullman boys that even after the fall the car was still equipped. Not all of it, indeed, two sections merely, in which there was room for four. But no man can plan trips for young women by himself. The assistance of the parties of the second part is necessary. In this instance no assistance from those parties was forthcoming. Such projects as they had entertained must have been reconsidered. There is nothing like a storm to clear the air unless it be its effects.

George Pullman was released from his engagement; so, too, was Sanger. Speaking abstractly, of course, and without personalities of any kind, an incident of this character does you good. It increases faith in debutantes and the unworldliness of maidenly ambitions.

But the point is elsewhere. So for that matter is fairyland. Will those boys ever get there or will they not? There is no special train to take them now, no private car, even those two modest sections have been abandoned. After a fall such as theirs one may wonder, and with real solicitude, will they be crippled for life?

However obdurate a father may be, in a mother's heart there is always forgiveness. Mrs. Pullman has taken her sons back to a home from which, parenthetically, they should never have gone. Such sins as they committed were not very scarlet after all. Besides, they paid the piper. But the questions remain: After anticipations such as theirs and the double cropper they have come,

What is their future to be?

What has fate still in store?

Their mother is rich, their sisters are, too. What is the next chapter in this romance and how will it end?

EDGAR SALTUS.

CHAPTER IV.

What Will the Future Develop?

Mr. Saltus, the distinguished novelist, has told the tragedy-romance of the Pullman twins and has left them precisely as the actual facts leave them—disinherited by their father's will (leave of \$3,000 a year each) and their engagements broken by the two young women they hoped to marry.

Mr. Saltus very properly asks what will be the final chapter in this romance and how will it all end? The Journal will award a prize of \$100 for the best "final chapter" predicting the future career of the disinherited, disengaged Pullman twins.

SECTION NO. 8: Inasmuch as neither of my sons has developed such a sense of responsibility, as in my judgment is requisite for the wise use of large properties and considerable sums of money, I am painfully compelled, as I have explicitly stated to them, to limit my ordinary provisions for their benefit to trusts producing only such income as I deem reasonable for their support. Accordingly, I direct that out of the remainder of my estate, after satisfying the provisions herein before made for my wife and daughters, and with respect to said Island and Castle Rest, my executors shall set apart bonds, stocks and notes or other securities in two portions each of

Miss Felicity Oglesby, Who Jilted George Pullman.

Miss Lynne Fernald, Who Broke Her Engagement with Young Sanger Pullman.